Volume LXXXVII No. 15 January 19, 1968 30 cents

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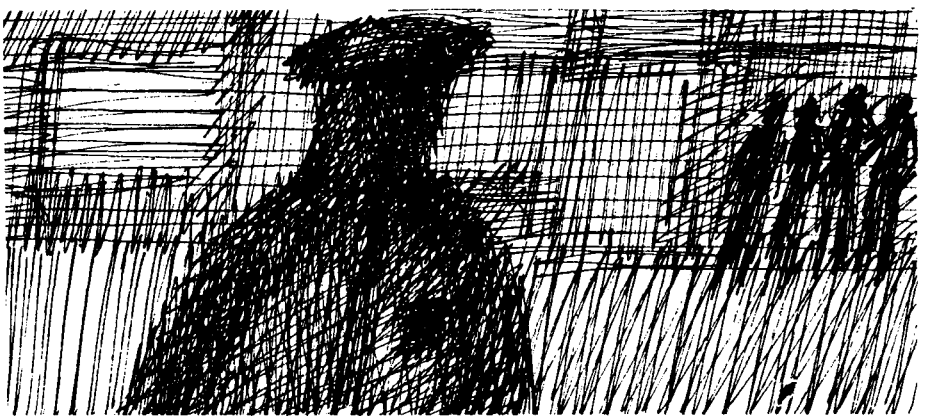

SUPER-GENERAL HERSHEY

Richard John Neuhaus

THE SILENT SINGERS

Doris Grumbach

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other articles and reviews by

WILLIAM PFAFF

ARLENE SWIDLER

JOHN SIMON

PAUL VELDE

GERALD WEALES

WILSON C. McWILLIAMS

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NEWS AND VIEWS

The latest Christian Brother contributions to the good life are two new varietal wines, Christian Brothers Sylvaner Riesling and Christian Brothers Pinot Saint George.

The two were introduced recently at a quiet wine-tasting luncheon in New York that featured an entrée of fresh boned salmon and a main course of breast of pheasant, both prepared with the help of the wines (as ingredients). The dessert was a frozen orange plaza flavored with Christian Brothers Chateau La Salle.

The proceedings were presided over by cellarmaster Brother Timothy, pictures of whom tapping a cask at the order's winery at Mont La Salle, Calif., and displaying an item from the Christian Brothers' corkscrew collection at the order's champagne cellars near St. Helena, Calif., were kindly provided to the news media by Ruder & Finn, publicists.

An accompanying information sheet revealed that the Christian Brothers' line includes 46 varieties of table, dessert and aperitif wines, vermouths, champagnes and brandy.

Volume is as impressive as variety. Ruder & Finn informed that the Christian Brothers "have among the largest stocks of ageing beverage brandy and premium wines of any U.S. winemaker," and "hold more than 50 percent of all California beverage brandy ageing in bonded warehouses." Indeed, "Christian Brothers brandy accounts for over one-third of all American brandy consumed in the U.S."

R & F trumpeted that "the Brothers make their brandy in a unique still for purity and smoothness, and then add a small amount of pot-still brandy for zest and characteristic aroma."

The Christian Brothers' assiduousness has not gone unrewarded. In the past 11 years alone, the Brothers have won 204 gold medals and 900 other prizes in blind tastings at the Official California Wine Judgings—more than any other winery. Every Christian Brothers' wine has taken at least one gold medal in the California tastings.

It's quite dazzling. And to think, it all began as a modest apostolic enterprise: the making of sacramental wines.

•

The *New Statesman* of Dec. 22 carried the winning entries of "Weekend Competition" 1,971—irreligious verse. Brian White won five pounds for the following:

Although you are not what you seem,
Defend, O Lord, the old regime;
And don't by dying in your prime
Remove the Subject from my rhyme.
We atheists know You are not there—
Assert Yourself for us who care.
Refute the priests who say You're dead
So we can still deny your Head.
Honest to God is what they're not,
The Church is gone, alas, to pot
And irreligion now must try
Your non-existence to deny.
Confound the Bishops, strike the Deans,
Revive Yourself by any means
Available to pow'rs supreme;
Restore to anti-Christ its theme.
When theologians let us down
And orthodoxy yields its crown,
Stand and be seen on Sinai!
Oh give us Something to deny!

"Weekend Competition" 1,974 was announced thusly: "Now that Harold Holt has been so dramatically drowned, competitors are invited to suggest other ways in which world leaders might meet their end and, if necessary, their famous last words. Limit 200 words." That macabre topic should produce some interesting responses. We'll report back.

•

"U.S. Said to Press Sharply For Good Vietnam Reports" headlined a recent N.Y. *Times* article dispatched by R. W. Apple, Jr., best known for his 'subversive' pieces in the *Times* broaching the idea of a developing stalemate. Positioned under a photo of a Saigon flower stall, over which was posted the sign "1968 WILL SEE THE SUCCESS OF ALLIED ARMS," Apple's story recounted the pressure Washington was exerting on its agencies in Vietnam to turn out encouraging estimations on the progress of the war.

"A minority of officials," Apple wrote, "have said they were afraid if they told Washington what they regarded as the truth—that there is little or no chance of dramatic, demonstrable progress before November—they would lose their jobs."

•

Headline of the Week: the N.Y. *Post's* "Nab Pacifists Praying at the Vatican" (over its story of 50 youths arrested in St. Peter's Square Jan. 1).

•

Notre Dame gets its lumps from undergraduate Jay Schwartz in a symposium on student power in the latest issue of the Notre Dame *Alumnus*. Schwartz, a senior from Washington, D.C., writes:

". . . Encounter and conflict of ideas and of beliefs are not an integral part of life at Notre Dame; rather values are not tested because they are not discussed and we graduate with our original unexplored beliefs . . .

"Football, not Vietnam, looms large as the subject of concern here; we talk more about the weather and St. Mary's than we do about the nation's ghettos; more about vacation than religious experience. By doing this we strengthen our original inherited values because, and only because, they grow with us in time. Yet they grow not in content but rather blindly, safely out of view and out of reach. Reinforcement is the name of the game and Notre Dame . . . happens to be the place."

The symposium reconfirms appraisals that the Notre Dame student liberal would be a moderate, indeed a conservative, on other campuses—Catholic or secular.

•

Jesuit Missions' termination of publication with its December issue brought to 12 the number of Catholic journals to bite the dust during 1967. But the overall gain is negligible. Ten were founded during the same period. JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Gaza Reply

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: I find myself so appalled at the distorted picture of the Gaza Strip and the Gaza people as presented in the article by Martha Gellhorn (Dec. 1) that I feel compelled to write you. I think I know the Gaza Strip and its people better than she does, having served as Commissioner General of UNRWA for five years. . . .

The fact is that the people of the Gaza Strip are much like people everywhere. They are a patient, even a courageous people, as they would have to be to have endured what they have gone through and still be as human as they are. By nature they are an orderly and friendly people. Family ties are very close. The youth of the Strip crave learning and education, reading everything they can get their hands on. Moreover, they are ambitious and seize opportunities for work when they come along. The graduates of UNRWA's vocational school have almost to a boy become productive and self-supporting. Despite the fact that the young people in the age group of 15 to 20, who total about 75,000, have had to live in privation and often without jobs there is not and never has been a serious problem of rebellion or hooliganism in Gaza. While one may, as does Miss Gellhorn, question the activities of the Palestine Liberation Army, still the fact that young men have joined it hardly classifies them as being mental degenerates. Under the circumstances, is their behavior less rational than that of American university youths who resort to draft card burning. . . ?

After the creation of Israel the West Bank of Palestine was united with Trans-Jordan to form the new state of Jordan; the Gaza Strip was never made a part of Egypt. Instead, it remained as a remnant of Palestine that was merely administered by the U.A.R., under a type of trusteeship arrangement. The U.A.R. has regarded the people in the strip as

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COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.
Second-class postage paid in Philadelphia, Pa. Printed in the USA and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and July-September, by Commonweal Publishing Co, 232 Madison Ave, New York, NY 10016
MUrray Hill 3-2042. *Copyright © 1968 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.*
US and Canada, $9 a year. Foreign $11.

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

As far as offers to negotiate the war in Vietnam are concerned, the North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front have repeatedly managed to make the United States look like an awkward tennis player, unable or unwilling to return a tricky serve. On New Year's Day North Vietnam once again tried to engage our interest. Foreign Minister Nguyen Duy Trinh remarked at a reception that "After the United States has ended unconditionally the bombing and all other acts of war [against North Vietnam] we will hold talks with the United States on questions concerned." The wording of the statement revealed a small, but to most observers important, shift in Hanoi's position: last year the Foreign Minister said talks *could* be held; this year that they *will* be held once the bombing and other acts of war are stopped. It remains to be seen if the United States will again be made to look foolish before Hanoi's overtures—whether because of a failure of nerve or imagination or because of flawed intention, still foolish—or will seize this opportunity to get negotiations started.

Early Administration reactions to Mr. Trinh's statement were not encouraging, despite President Johnson's repeated assertions that we remain ready for unconditional discussions any time, any place. Secretary of State Rusk, for example, hedged his bets. Although not rejecting the offer out of hand, he insisted that we would have to find out what Hanoi meant by the Foreign Minister's remarks. This stalling tactic effectively diminished the political capital the United States might have achieved by a quick affirmative reply. Then, Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs William Bundy, in a television interview released the following week, completed the initial bungling of the chance for negotiations with the gratuitously insulting remark that "I'm not sure that they are anywhere near the point of being ready to yield."

Even more than Rusk's cagey rejoinder, Bundy's comment betrayed a line of reasoning that apparently enjoys considerable support within the Administration, namely that negotiations imply a surrender on the part of North Vietnam and the NLF, and on the part of the United States a willingness to

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dictate a gracious peace. This distortion of the word is, in turn, a reflection of another conviction widely held by many in the Administration, that the United States can win the war in Vietnam militarily. Right now, far from showing any interest in negotiations, American generals and other officers in the field are in hot pursuit of another tactic to expand the war even more by chasing the enemy into Cambodia or Laos.

Surely now is the time for President Johnson to speak the final word over these voices of hyper-caution and belligerence. Surely now is the time for President Johnson to redeem his pledge to enter into unconditional discussions with North Vietnam to end the war. Surely, too, now is as good a time as any for President Johnson to assert his control over the generals and admirals and to restore the primacy of politics over the military in the conduct of American foreign affairs.

The President is a cautious man, of course, and he has a penchant for wanting to be sure of winning before committing himself to any action. Still, other opportunities for negotiations have been lost because of this hesitation and because he has been persuaded by the military that we can "win" the war militarily. It would be strange if the President should allow this to happen again, particularly in an American election year, with the electorate increasingly divided over the war. (According to a recent Gallup poll, 43 percent of rank and file union members, in contrast to their hawkish leaders, felt that sending troops to Vietnam was a mistake.) It would seem that negotiations now would be very much in President Johnson's interest; they could scuttle McCarthy's campaign, take the wind out of Republican sails and help repair his own somewhat battered image with the American people. If he chooses this option it would not be the first time that events in Vietnam had been made to serve domestic American interests.

Should negotiations begin they are liable to go on for months. It would be naive to suppose that they will provide any quick solution to the problems besetting Vietnam. The central issue has been and will be political: who shall govern South Vietnam—the American clients, Thieu-Ky and their coteries; the NLF, independently or in union with the North; a coalition in the South with reunification deferred indefinitely; or some other combination? Beyond that, hundreds of details will have to be worked out—protection against reprisals, repair of the ravaged land, free access between North and South, international supervision of the peace treaty terms.

For the moment, however, Hanoi has made the first move and it is up to the United States to respond, to stop aerial and naval bombardment of the North and to state clearly and firmly that we are ready to talk. That done, the four parties involved can get down to cases. Then, finally, after 25 years of war and terror the people of Vietnam may find peace. There's no guarantee but it's worth a try.

THE DEFICIT CONTEXT

The pleasant thing about the balance of payments problem is that the average person hardly knows it exists. Unlike urban riots and the Vietnamese war, it has no immediately direct, palpable effect on the private body, wallet or conscience; its effect is subtle, perceived by economists only. What the economists perceive, though, is a potential bombshell: a major threat to the dollar, American gold reserves and foreign confidence in America's financial stability. Sooner or later, if the threat is not met, the impact of a continuing large balance of payments deficit would hit the private person squarely in the gut, primarily by way of a vicious inflation. By then, however, it might be too late to do much about it.

President Johnson's new austerity program, designed to improve the balance of payments in 1968 by three billion dollars, has about it an aura of common sense and hardheadedness. Clearly, the President has to do something; the estimated deficit for the last quarter of 1967 was $2 billion, with the total for the year expected to be over $3.5 billion. That sort of thing can't go on. The moratorium on new corporate investments in Europe, as well as tighter controls on the flow of capital abroad, was an obvious step to take. The large companies are not happy about it, and will probably find ways of squeezing out some concessions, but the expected savings of $1 billion is a persuasive retort. The same can be said of most of the other steps: the reduced ceiling on bank loans to foreigners, pressure on European nations to purchase more United States arms and treasury bonds, tax rebates for American exporters, and so on.

More controversial, because of its implications for the civil liberties of individuals, is President Johnson's appeal for a restriction on non-essential travel outside the Western hemisphere, an appeal which the President will ask Congress to back by some form of taxation on foreign travel. Undoubtedly, such a tax would work a hardship on the many thousands of middle-income people who travel to Europe for purposes of recreation, cultural enrichment and education. And just as undoubtedly it would not have much effect on the travel plans of the rich, who could afford to pay even a very high tax. But is this really a significant worry? If the danger of an uncontrolled balance of payments deficit is a serious one for the American economy, then a travel tax seems a comparatively minor restriction on liberty. Within the given context of the present deficit problem, the estimated savings of $500 million from reduced foreign travel would be significant.

The real worry about all of the restrictions stems from the broad context of the problem. Given the present foreign policy of the United States, the restrictions are realistic and, during an election year, even bold. But when one considers that the payment deficit from the

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Vietnamese war amounted to $1.5 billion in 1967, with the American troops stationed in Europe draining hundreds of millions more, the problem appears in a very different light. A rapid termination of the war would not, by itself, do away with the deficit, but it would surely make it more manageable, just as would a reduction of troops in Europe.

The one thing President Johnson has refused to admit about the war is that it is having a serious, even dangerous impact on the economy. The escalations have been relatively gradual. Now they are beginning to catch up, forcing the country into some unforeseen—though hardly unforeseeable—austerities. Naturally, the President didn't stress this in calling for the restrictions on investments and travel abroad. The poverty program, urban renewal schemes, foreign aid programs have all been the victims of the economic pressure of the war. Now some new victims are being added to the list, the ordinary traveler and the corporate investor. Tears are not necessarily in order for these latest victims; they are in order, though, for an economic policy which is forced to invoke realistic means in order to sustain a self-defeating, illusory foreign policy.

THE MIDEAST JUGGLE

The visit of Israeli Prime Minister Levi Eshkol to this country underlines the fact that little if any headway has been made since the June war toward anything other than another war. Though reportedly Israel and U.S. intelligence differ over the exact lead time for the Arabs to regain their strategic capability, both agree that the dragon's teeth could be sprouting well within a year. Mr. Eshkol's request for jet fighter-bombers underscores how rapidly the arms race has been accelerating and how volatile the area will again become.

In so frayed an atmosphere, where periodic clashes have been occurring despite the truce, the UN observers and Mr. Gunnar Jarring, the tendency among the belligerents has been to harden their positions. Even Israel, by all accounts a tolerable and humane victor, has been showing signs of less than eager willingness to compromise on her territorial gains to the extent of settling former Arab land and establishing commercial enterprises in Sinai. The logic of Mr. Eshkol's Mapai-led coalition seems to rest less on working toward integration along the lines proposed by Abba Eban and Gen. Dayan than it does on insuring military superiority and waiting for the Arab states to come as supplicants to the bargaining table. While the Israeli position of "direct negotiations" seems commendable enough on the face of it, and Israel's stated goals of Canal rights, end of belligerency and formal recognition are likewise unreproachable, her emphasis has been on maximizing gains rather than on exploiting possible Arab peace feelers.

Now, perhaps, the moment has passed for reaching a detente, and the possibility that the next war will involve nuclear weaponry seems very real. Doubtless, the bones of contention between the parties are solid, the issues emotional and historically grounded in all the blood spilled there for thousands of years. But the more salient questions no longer concern the relative legitimacy of the respective claims but rather precisely how the conflict can be tempered before the next explosive outbreak of hostilities. The new and apparently permanent Soviet presence in Egypt presents new aspects to the situation, not the least important of which is that a new war in the region is now less likely to remain regional and will probably involve either the decimation of Israel or a direct confrontation between the two global powers.

But the presence of the U.S.S.R. also holds out new possibilities for stability, as well as providing avenues for cooperation with the U.S. to reduce cold war tensions and perhaps even compel the belligerents to reach an accord. The naval ascendancy of the U.S.S.R. presents challenges to our coveted Mediterranean hegemony but also opens the chance of including her in some shared responsibility for the creation of a less intolerable state of affairs. The June war proved nothing other than that wars provide conditions for future wars and openings for new alliances which provide new markets for arms which help create new wars. But it also showed that the Soviet Union operated on assumptions scarcely different from any other power, if anything more conservatively than her newly acquired client states. In her assumption of hegemony in Egypt, the U.S.S.R. has displayed a tentative desire to make do with a less inflamed policy toward Israel and may have been responsible for Col.

NEXT WEEK

In the Spring Term Education Issue, James R. Giermanski discusses student dismissals and the private educational institution:

"The stigma attached to a dismissal will probably be borne by the student throughout his lifetime and may even prevent him from completing his education. Though a student in a private institution has no constitutional right to be there, the fact remains that it is a shocking state of affairs not to afford him the same basic rights extended to a pimp."

John J. McMahon writes about student attitudes toward death and an after-life:

"Students feel that the things they have been taught to value and anticipate in heaven are at odds with the things they value on earth . . . His religion is a liability, not an asset."

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Nasser's more recent moderate tendencies, though Nasser could well be moderating purely for the sake of lessening the Soviet predominance. In any event, the doors to peace have not all been closed, and exploitable avenues remain not only for the great powers, but for the clients as well, to work out an arrangement outside the constraining and mutually defeating precarious balance of terror.

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE LIBERAL CRISIS

The Shannon-Steinfels controversy in these pages is a good deal more important than any clash of radical and liberal temperaments. Issues have been raised here, and in the editorial which provoked Mr. Shannon's first comment and in Daniel Callahan's article on violence in political resistance, which go to the bone of an American crisis more significant than any in this century.

Americans, of course, are invincible optimists—even in self-laceration. Our best is assumed to be better than the world has ever known; our worst is intolerable because it makes us like the rest of mankind. The radical critique of America today is ruthless about the failure, the corruption, the endless humbug, lies, and mendacity of politics; but when Mr. Steinfels recounts what is wrong with America (and his—if it is a "radical" statement—is singularly moderate, serious and accurate in its diagnosis) the implied standard of what should be right is breathtaking. Nearly every American—and we in 1968 hardly differ in this from the agrarian idealists of the eighteenth century—seems to assume that we enjoy a national exemption from the condition of history. We *can't* fail; we must not fail (thus the hawks on Vietnam); or if we fail it is somehow because of a lapse in technique—our unique mission of redemption to the world remains (thus, in my opinion, too many of the liberal critics of that war); or we deserve (symbolic) punishment—withdrawal of the world's love—because we have betrayed ourselves by behaving as if we were like everyone else. What is unthinkable is that the United States might be a state like any other, as limited in intelligence, as capable of cruelty and calamitous bungling, as vulnerable to defeat, disorder, retribution. This exalted faith in America underlies, I think, both the wounded fury of the New Left today and the complacency of established liberalism.

The revolutionary rhetoric now heard from parts of the New Left cannot be dismissed as posturing and cannot be taken as politically serious. What it does—as Mr. Shannon has argued—is connive at tactics and gestures which are subversive of the political conventions and institutions which lie between us and chaos. It is not serious because there is evident no movement, opportunity, or coherent program by which a seizure of power—which is what revolution is about—could conceivably be accomplished in this country today. What are evident are dispossessed and distracted groups in American society which are in convulsive reaction to a situation for which they see no reliable solution, willing to practice a violence which simultaneously provides an emotional release and a dramatization of their oppression. But this does not make a revolutionary movement, although it may provide the elements from which an essentially anarchic—which is to say, unprogrammatic—movement of violent action could be developed, capable of crippling American government and society.

Nor does it seem to me that any of the theoreticians of violent political resistance (by contrast to racial rebellion, where the possibilities of terror-as-blackmail, and destruction as the preferred alternative to stagnation, are understood) have the faintest understanding of what revolution means. Revolutions kill people; they wreck societies long before they recreate them; they instill hate, not "love." They sometimes are inevitable, sometimes producing a restructuring and renewal of a society. But the price—on the historical evidence thus far available to us—is guillotine and terror, tyranny, police repression, the liquidation of classes of society, the "rectification" of incorrect thinking. And whatever the eventual outcome, it usually bears scant resemblance to what the enthusiasts and activists of the prerevolutionary period expected and wanted; and they usually have been murdered by their friends before it is all over anyway.

Merely to say these obvious things underlines the lack of seriousness in even the most violent of the American "resistance" theories. It is simply another evidence of our national optimism, or naiveté, that people will reply that they don't mean this kind of thing at all. What do they mean? The United States has never had anything like a revolution. In 1776 there was a secession from overseas control. The War Between the States was a good deal closer to revolution—"civil" war—and nearly 400,000 people died, and we still have not resolved the racial injustice which provided the ostensible moral purpose of the war for the Northern states.

Having said this much, it may be clear that my opposition to violence does not come from any affection for this Administration or any complacency about the condition of the Great Society but from a fear for the fragility, the precariousness, of the political order achieved in this country. We have survived as a democratic society for nearly 200 years, during a period when much of the world was

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undergoing great wars of nationalism and totalitarianism, cycles of repression, exploitation and despotic government, and the experience of genocide. With all of this (except in the 1860's) we Americans have had only the most glancing relationship. It may be that our luck is running out today—in part because of our defective experience of the meaning of some of the things we are doing in the world—and that we will inflict on others and create for ourselves more of the horror the world has already undergone. But if that is so I see no purpose in accelerating the process in the guise of resisting it.

I cannot feel optimism about what the next few years will bring for the United States. International humiliations and considerable internal disorder and demoralization may be the best we can expect. And for this, I believe, the American liberal movement which Mr. Steinfels attacks and Mr. Shannon defends bears grave responsibility. Liberalism has been the mainstream of American politics since the 1930's. It took power in a great national crisis, bringing innovation and reform—bringing a serious and coherent political alternative to an America dominated by a laissez faire system gone intellectually and politically bankrupt. Liberalism has since inspired the Administrations of three Democratic Presidents and one Republican (the Eisenhower Administration, for all its business orientation, was liberal in social goals and international policy). The old Republican conservatism is dead. The new Republican (and Southern) conservatives have been converted—neo-conservative politics in America merely caricatures contemporary liberalism's aberrations and excesses: it is globalist, naively messianist, Manichean in foreign policy, bourgeois in social values, torn between the demands of "justice" and "order" in the racial crisis.

We have practiced consensus for the last three decades, a liberal consensus. But now things are coming apart and liberalism finds itself at a dead stop. It has nothing new to say; it does not comprehend its failure. The racial and urban crisis, the stalemated war and crisis of foreign policy, evoke only the old words, the old remedies. The liberal movement itself is coming apart. The Administration gives signs of panic action—at home and abroad—to extricate itself from its troubles, but risks only their worsening.

Our liberalism begins to bear the marks and betrays the responses of what better—or later—might be called reaction. The eloquent talk Daniel Moynihan delivered to the ADA last fall (to which I have referred before in this space) was a plea for liberal alliances with moderate conservatives to defend the social fabric, the social peace, of the United States. It has been unremarked that this amounts to an abandonment of a "liberal" or progressive position. When that force in a political society which is ostensibly devoted to innovation and imaginative change, to providing society with its *engine* of change and reform, resigns itself in crisis to defense of the established order, to social stability, to resist radicalism—then it becomes indistinguishable from conservatism. The country is left with no place to turn. The public is denied any but the radical choice, the abandonment of pragmatic choice and change.

It strikes me that at the American political center—or in the American political establishment, if you prefer—there is today something very close to an intellectual abdication. Our national crisis stems from the liberal crisis. And unless the liberal crisis is remedied (and nothing thus far said in national politics by the Republicans, and little by the dissident Democrats, encourages one to think that it is going to be remedied) then the (radical) repudiation of our system will deepen: for the system will have stopped working. The impulse of repudiation will extend itself beyond the limited groups in which it now is felt—and more important, the mass of American society is likely to experience that growing sense of powerlessness and humiliation which marked another recent liberal civilization in its own time of intellectual bankruptcy and political sterility, the Western Europe of the 1920's and 1930's.

WILLIAM PFAFF

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ANOTHER HEAD ROLLS

FRICTION IN PHILADELPHIA

The recent suspension of Father William Leahy in Philadelphia for offering a Mass for his priest-brother and bride-to-be in the San Diego diocese is the latest in a series of suspensions and sudden transfers out of the Philadelphia archdiocese. The armchair liberals, of which Philadelphia has plenty, like to bring up the cases of Father Burton last January, Fathers Michael Garvin and Thomas Durkin two months earlier, and before that the sudden departure of a Dominican from La Salle College and a Jesuit from St. Joseph's. The details of the earlier cases are somewhat vague, but the three most recent incidents have been reported in the newspapers and even on nationwide television.

It is interesting that all three affairs involved the liturgy, which has never been a particularly live issue in Philadelphia. Fathers Garvin and Durkin were discovered to have said a Mass for a group of seminarians in the basement of St. Charles Seminary, which violated more than a dozen canon laws by including such things as unauthorized concelebration and the use of ordinary

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bread rolls. Father Burton said a Mass for students of a local girls' academy in a private home, without vestments and with more vernacular than was then permitted. Garvin and Durkin were suspended; Burton, a Jesuit, was sent to Baltimore.

The official chancery statements on the "bizarre" Mass in the seminary locker-room stressed the "arrogation of authority" and presumption of the concelebrants, insisting that the only issue was that of obedience. It was the attitude of the authorities, who described themselves as acting "speedily and paternally" in dismissing the seminarians who had been present, which annoyed many lay Catholics. Members of ICTHUS (Interested Catholics To Help Upgrade the Seminary—the name was reportedly worked out at three o'clock one morning, which perhaps explains the missing (*H*) finally bought space in the Sunday *Bulletin* for an open letter to Cardinal Krol. In the Burton case a few weeks later, more than 60 lay people went so far as to picket the Archbishop's house.

The Cardinal is reported to be concerned about his image. An interviewer in a recent issue of *Philadelphia* magazine says Cardinal Krol "has developed a mild persecution complex." He would have had good reason to expect strong repercussions in the Father Leahy case. Since Leahy returned from Vatican II, where he worked in the general secretariat and helped prepare the daily news bulletin in all four sessions, he has been almost indefatigable in lecturing, attending meetings and organizing lay groups; his popularity did not diminish after he was abruptly dismissed from his teaching position at the seminary a year ago without any specific reason. At that time he also was ordered to cancel a commitment he had made to teach a course in ecumenical theology at nearby Crozer Baptist Seminary. This was Crozer's first course by a Catholic, and the catalogs and advertisements, complete with photographs, had already been sent out, but the archbishop refused to reconsider, even at the personal request of Crozer's president.

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that the latest suspension came directly from Rome and that Cardinal Krol insists that the situation is completely out of his hands. But the relegation of the case to Rome has put the archdiocese in an embarrassing position. The chancery, after the usual ecclesiastical silence, had begun its statement on the Garvin-Durkin affair by saying, "Recent rumors and publicized reports about occurrences at St. Charles Seminary did not originate with the seminary or diocesan authorities. Charity constrains us not to publish the faults or failings of others." In the Leahy case the chancery was forced to make the whole incident public—"The Holy See has ordered that the Rev. William K. Leahy be suspended from the exercise of all his priestly faculties and privileges, and also that notice of the suspension be published in the diocesan newspaper." The suspension was reported on California television before Father Leahy was notified.

The reason given in the official notice, officiating at a ceremony which gave public sanction to a "canonically invalid marriage of a priest contracted before a civil marriage," was inaccurate: the civil ceremony took place six days later.

The result must have been anticipated: a letter to the Cardinal from 45 Protestants and Jews, a strong statement from the National Association for Pastoral Renewal, a letter from some 50 local priests, another petition from 250 Catholics, a dual petition circulated by the self-consciously impartial lay alliance which garnered 320 signatures for Father Leahy and 2 for the Holy Office, many individual letters, and unabated tensions.

It is, of course, difficult to know the precise role of Cardinal Krol in the whole business. Father John Leahy's application for laicization (first presented a year and a half before) and Father William Leahy's celebrating a Mass for the still unmarried couple are obviously two separate cases; the latter type is not customarily sent to the Holy Office. It is also clear that Cardinal Krol was acting together with Bishop Furey of San Diego and Archbishop Hallinan of John Leahy's home diocese of Atlanta.

But the muddiness of the case does not bother the growing liberal minority as it might have a year or two ago. As this minority gathers strength, it is less hostile to Cardinal Krol than to the anonymous and impersonal machine which seems to conduct Church affairs. Canon lawyers say that a lawyer can be of no help to anyone whose case is in the hands of the Holy Office, whose procedures are still kept secret; many Philadelphians, therefore, conclude that cases of clerical suspension should be tried in the country of the priest involved, so that he can have the opportunity to defend himself. And, they add, requests for laicization could certainly be more equitably judged at home.

Communications between the liberal laity and the Philadelphia hierarchy are almost non-existent. A delegation hoping to discuss these possibilities with Cardinal Krol secured an appointment but then it was canceled, and another delegation to the apostolic delegate had a tentative appointment, but it, too, was canceled. The delegate's schedule turned out to be more extensive than his secretary had realized—and he does not make any appointments more than two weeks in advance.

Nevertheless, the reaction to Father Leahy's problems is having its effect within the Archdiocese. Philadelphia Catholics have tended to think primarily in terms of local tensions and personalities; support from outside the Archdiocese and outside the Catholic Church has awakened a new feeling of solidarity with the Church universal and an awareness of greater issues. The old battles continue to be fought, but with greater perspective and maturity.

ARLENE SWIDLER

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The archetypal representative of the Power Structure

SUPER-GENERAL HERSHEY

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS

"The courts are exceeding their authority," complains General Lewis B. Hershey who is impatient of any interference with the efficient operation of the Selective Service System. The General has apparently forgotten that it was never claimed that democracy is the most efficient form of government. Its cumbersome judicial proceedings and strange preoccupation with individual liberty are enough to try the patience of any can-do American who wants to "get on with the job." What recommends democracy is not its efficiency but the protections it provides for those values which make human life human. Or, as Reinhold Niebuhr would explain to the General, democracy is possible because of man's capacity for good; democracy is necessary because of man's propensity toward evil.

The 74-year-old General was once a schoolteacher but has apparently forgotten his high school civics. He sees himself contending against an unsavory crew who refuse to cut their hair according to military regulation and show a peculiar possessiveness about their lives. But his sight is faulty. As Abraham was visited by angels in disguise, the General is being visited by the democratic process dressed up as dissent. Those who are sensitive to liberty's tradition have long since taken the disguise for granted; indeed it seems to be democracy's favored outfit. But it never fails to fool the General Hersheys. They strike out at the ludicrous sight, near killing the poor creature in whose name they act.

It is not enough of course to refer the General to his civics textbook. The book gives the misleading impression that democracy is a neat arrangement of checks and balances, a machine securely structured. Democracy is pictured much like a well-built clock, needing only to be oiled by the rhetoric of patriotism and wound up regularly by millions of citizens pulling the voting booth levers. The textbook says little about democracy as an audacious experiment premised upon fragile notions about human equality and attuned to a vision of the hopefulness of the human enterprise. The textbook says nothing about the internal enemies of democracy who neither subscribe to the notions nor are tuned to the vision. In short, the weakness of the civics text is that General Hershey would not find himself described in it.

Persons of power who are unmoved by the prospect that America may be abandoning the democratic experiment usually represent an alternative to democracy. Episcopal Bishop C. Kilmer Myers of San Francisco recently said, in connection with draft resistance, that our society is confronted by the two threats of "anarchy and fascism." Aside from a delightful old lady on East Eighth Street who insists she is an anarchist, I have encountered few advocates of that social option. In some parts of the population there is an atmosphere of desperation and a tendency toward ritual violence. But this is not an anarchist program and its roots are in the country's heritage of racism rather than in resistance to a conscription society. Draft resisters may be termed anarchists, but, unlike the fascists I know, they possess no power and manifest an extraordinary aversion to acquiring power. "Hell no, we won't go!" is hardly a call to the barricades and portends no storming of the Winter Palace. To some Americans, disturbance is equivalent to anarchy; while in fact disturbance is the normal state of democracy. This unsettling truth about democracy is a well-kept secret from the staid American for whom St. Paul's admonition to "decency and order" constitutes the highest goal of the political enterprise. General Hershey is clearly unmoved by the allegedly moribund state of democracy and the baneful influence of the S.S.S. upon its condition. Speaking of the autocratically determined deferment system which has been utilized to protect the quiescent advantaged and to squelch the restless, the General declares, "What people forget is that this [system] has produced 550,000 engineers!"

Threat from the Right

General Hershey is not the only or even the chief instance in support of growing fear of a threat from the right. Witness members of a congressional committee this past summer publicly wishing for a way to "get around the courts" in order to deal with those who offend against the committee's definition of Americanism. Witness a President who chooses the occasion of installing a new District of Columbia government to warn that good Americans will take up arms to put down civil disorder (the warning had the chilling ring of an invitation). But perhaps the General's Oct. 26 memo and his more recent commentary on it is the most consistently and clearly articulated supportive evidence for the fear. The memo, it

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will be recalled, suggests to local draft boards that previously deferred registrants who participate in "illegal" protest activities be reclassified 1-A because it is obvious their deferment is no longer "in the national interest." Subsequently, we have had the General's disingenuous claim that this was only a piece of advice and not a "directive" to the local boards. There was also a meeting between the General and Justice Department people, arranged by the White House in response to protest against the memo. But the communiqué issuing from that session hardly hit the press before the General reverted to his claim that the S.S.S. is competent to put protesters on trial and mete out the punishment of reclassification. The General insists upon confusing the issue further by contending that soldiering is an honorable duty of all citizens while at the same time arguing that deferment from the draft is a "privilege" to be bestowed or withdrawn by executive fiat.

General Hershey, let it be noted, wants to be tolerant of protest against the S.S.S. (the implication is that freedom of speech is another "privilege" that should not be withdrawn except for the most urgent reasons). His judicial fire focuses on the "illegal" protest that interrupts the System. The draft registrant, he says, "is not an ordinary citizen. He's one of the active militia. He must register. No one must interfere with him to keep him from that duty." Those who dare interfere will promptly come under the wrath of the Judge-General. Strangely, some liberal anxieties have been calmed by Hershey's assurance that S.S. procedures are aimed only at the violator of the law, and not at all who protest. A New York *Times* report (Dec. 17, 1967) is reassuringly headed, "Hershey's Order Is Affecting Few, Check Finds Most Boards Are Not Taking Action to Induct Protesters." A check of local draft boards, it is reported, shows that students are not *ordinarily* being reclassified for participating in protests against the war or the draft. Reclassification is being used as a punishment only in those cases where the deferred registrant has participated in illegal activity such as nonpossession of his S.S. certificate.

This kind of reassurance entirely misses the point. The argument against Hershey's memo and mentality is not that the S.S.S. should exercise judicial prudence and self-restraint so as not to violate the right of free speech. The argument is that the S.S.S. has no business playing judge, jury and executioner. The courts, and not a federal bureaucracy, have the responsibility of determining guilt and of imposing sentence upon those who offend against the country's laws. The plea is not that Hershey be a compassionate Judge-General but that he step down from his presumptuous Hershey bar of justice and stick to the more modest clerkship to which he has been appointed. Judicial power is heady stuff, however; having become accustomed to the sensation, it seems unlikely that the General has the willpower to kick the habit.

The General appears to be unrepentant in the face of reprimands for his attempt to establish an *ersatz* judiciary. In an April 1967 decision of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the 2nd Circuit, the S.S. office is instructed, "There is nothing to prevent the prosecution of registrants or others for conduct by them in violation of either federal or state criminal laws, subject to such defenses as may be alleged and established. What we hold . . . is that it is not the function of the local boards in the Selective Service System to punish these registrants by reclassifying them 1-A because they protested as they did over the Government's involvement in Vietnam." Hershey's assumption of the Judge-General role has been criticized also on other counts. The American Association of University Professors, for instance, declares in a public statement, "The mere existence of this undefined power to use the draft as a punitive instrument must therefore have a chilling effect upon academic freedom and free speech and assembly as guaranteed by the First Amendment." But the question is larger even than that of individual injustices or the effect of deferment decisions upon the academic community. At stake are fundamental notions of democracy reflected in the constitutional ordering of relationships between the executive and judicial branches of government.

Of course, the S.S.S. is not the only agency that preempts the political process in making determinations of national moment. But because of the odious war in Vietnam and because it affects millions of young Americans so directly and so fatally, the abuse of the conscription system constitutes, in the minds of many, the most alarming instance of regression to a garrison state. In fairness to the General, it should be noted also that the abuse does assume a system and is not attributable to the folksy audacities of one man.

It is true that in the past 20 years the General has established a relationship to S.S. similar to Mr. Hoover's relationship to the F.B.I., one in which it is difficult to distinguish the person from the regulations which are to constrain his actions. But agencies such as the National Security Council, presumably beyond the General's personal control, are involved together with S.S. in the determination, for instance, of what is "in the national interest" (that physicists are more important to a society than teachers of English literature, etc.). The presuppositions of the system to which the General is so vital are not unlike the logic of totalitarianism. It is assumed that the population is in some sense already conscripted into the national enterprise. The S.S. certificate, therefore, is but a natural development of the birth certificate; it simply indicates the State's disposition of selected individuals. That this logic is not without its popular appeal is evident in a much-aired recording of a father's advice to his son. The son is assured that he can do most anything he wants in this "land of freedom" but, if he burns his draft card, he should burn his birth certificate too, for "then you are no longer my son."

Under General Hershey, the S.S.S. has become a sym-

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bol lending credibility to Hans Morgenthau's dire warning that, in terms of the survival of constitutional government, 1968 is 1860. When Youth Against War and Fascism or the more volatile spokesmen of S.D.S. shout "Fascist cop!" at New York's finest, it is discounted as a verbal escalation endemic to the radical left. More reflective and middle-aged types may refrain from shouting, but the chillingly restrained discussions of fascism in the salons of Riverside Drive are no longer limited to references to the goose-stepping, ghastly anti-Semitic Fascisti of another era. It is not unusual to hear the more optimistic intellectual make the argument that 1968 and beyond will probably be no worse than, and maybe not as bad as, the McCarthy period of the early '50s.

Face of Fascism

We do not need to be alarmists or pronounce the American democratic experiment dead in order to recognize the signs of ascendancy among the anti-democratic forces in the country. Neither should we be deceived by the affable face of fascism; seldom does evil accommodate us by appearing in such repulsive forms as those of fascism's more notorious champions. It is difficult to write about such matters without inviting the accusation of having succumbed to a devil-theory or conspiratorial view of history. But a prudent mixture of candor and carefulness compels us to speak about the shape of current and threatening alternatives to democracy. Fascism is not an entirely adequate category, but its characteristic marks are related to what is happening: the movement toward a centralized and autocratic government with rigidly nationalistic policies requiring the regimentation of the total society. Liberals may be embarrassed to use these generalities which seem to be the accustomed rhetoric of American conservatism; but embarrassment should not inhibit us in exploring points of common concern with those who fancy themselves conservatives, especially as these concerns touch upon the conscription system. The notion of government articulated and represented by General Hershey is offensive to all who find a meeting place in respect for the sovereignty of the Constitution in American democracy.

At this point we may have to part ways with some of our friends of the radical left. Those who are thoroughly alienated from the American political experiment are delighted at Hershey's more outrageous actions, just as they were disappointed by the election of a Negro mayor in Cleveland and by the defeat of Louise Day Hicks in Boston. In this view of reality, the General is not a distortion of what America is about; he is the archetypal representative of "the power structure." That someone as publicly and blatantly disrespectful of democratic values as General Hershey should be head of the nation's conscription machinery is viewed as a piece of good fortune, a propaganda boon for the politics of despair.

Those of us who believe in America's promise of democratic experiment, work to disprove the radical indictment, or, acknowledging its partial basis in fact, to correct what is distorted. Toward that end, there should be increased public discussion of the questions raised about the compatibility of any form of conscription with the democratic process and of the various suggestions for the establishment of a volunteer armed force. Increased pressures must be brought to right the injustices of present provisions for conscientious objection. And until they are righted, we must stand with young men who cannot in conscience join the military but who do not qualify as objectors under the arbitrary and ethically absurd definition devised by S.S. Certainly the criteria by which deferments are distributed and the whole deferment concept itself must be challenged. If there is to be conscription, let every young man be confronted by the military fact and compelled to make a decision about the giving and taking of human life under the auspices of the U.S. Army. These are some of the changes that should claim the attention of those who believe the trend toward totalitarianism is not irreversible.

More immediately, the President can and should obtain the resignation of General Lewis B. Hershey. There is no room for the Judge-General in democracy's court. He should now go into a long-deserved retirement while the S.S.S. is directed by someone who understands that efficiency in feeding the military machine is not the highest goal in a country that aspires to freedom.

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HELEN SORRELLS

THE PRODIGAL'S MOTHER

With these hands that held him
To suckle I laid his bed.
He will expect this,
He knows his mother.
I've cut the melons in bowls,
Wineskins run over,
The calf hangs over the coals.
Let these say what's in my heart.
I must go to his brother.

That lad tends his virtue
The way he protects the grapes.
Oh it is tender, this virtue!
As I come near the field
I can see him flaying the earth.
He will scowl when he sees me,
And swear, and shout that I go
(He was angry before his birth)
But I am his mother, I stay
To tell him I know, I know.

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Barred from the promised land

THE SILENT SINGERS

DORIS GRUMBACH

In a short story Thomas Mann has noted that "knowledge of the soul would unfailingly make us melancholy if the pleasures of expression did not keep us alert and of good cheer." I wonder if this is not true of those persons in the Church who are fortunate enough to be able to go to the printed word or to the podium or to the university lectern to express their displeasure, their concern, their impatience. The Word, published, broadcast or amplified, is for them a kind of safety valve; while they have this available to them they can bear to stay around, vocally, waiting for some evidence of genuine change at the heart of the Church, something more than a shuffling of hierarchical feet, the ominous cough from Chancery rooms, a faint sigh over the head as the ring is presented for kissing.

Those lucky vocal few who can bare their dissatisfaction to the public and be credited for courage may be deeply troubled, indeed *are;* but their pain is somewhat assuaged, as was Hester Prynne's, by exposure. As Carlos Baker remarked recently of Ernest Hemingway, the cure for what he called "the disease of writing" was utterance. The ones within the community of Catholics who seem to me in greatest danger of abandoning the shifting sands on which they now stand for other grounds, are the silent ones, those who have no official voice, no opportunity for utterance, those who are denied even an unofficial voice, for one reason or another and yet, like the minister in *The Scarlet Letter,* are being eaten from within by an inexpressible concern for their faith.

In the days following Charles Davis' departure from the Church there was much pious and self-righteous clucking over the contradictions between the sentiments in his public statements at the time and his columns and books released almost simultaneously. How dreadful it seemed to the persons I heard discussing his "defection" that he could say these entirely proper, even scathing, things about unorthodoxy and, almost at once, confess to now believing the opposite. To me the spectacle of a man fighting so desperate a battle for personal honesty for so long while forced by custom and expectation to go on writing as he did, as he was expected to, the "party line," was a dreadful sight, and it makes me now wonder for how many others this condition may be true. Are there more, like Charles Davis, writing the Word because the diocesan paper or the order's magazine are expecting it, while inwardly their conviction on many matters is severely shaken?

These persons however, no matter how constrained, are still vocal, and I had begun in this piece to look at the more dangerous, because silent, ones. My own experience in recent years convinces me that we may well expect significant loss of persons from three groups: young, college-educated adults, nuns in communities which are mainly intellectually-oriented, and young priests everywhere.

The Educated Laity

Young college-trained persons are, at this moment, suffering under the stolid hands and deaf ears of pastors in the parishes in which they have settled, pastors who are, on the whole, indifferent to, or indignant at, their intellectual needs, their demands, their "new" approaches. Despite all that has been said about advance, fresh air and change into twentieth-century modes, all that has been taught to them during their college years, all the possibilities for a meaningful, rich spiritual life they have been invited to explore, there is very little or no sign of change or genuine renewal at the parish level (once the altar was turned around it was "done") and only stirrings of discontent among their fellow parishioners, a few of them, like themselves, aware, and like them rendered impotent by the resistant institutional Church. This is especially true in suburban, small-city and country parishes where the values of permanence, homeyness, "family feeling" and togetherness have traditionally been integral to the very basis of parish life, where the rectory, the school, the parish hall, the convent and the new church (constructed usually in that order) snuggle together in geographical closeness, and contact with the rest of the community is established through Wednesday night BINGO. "ALL ARE WELCOME," the sign outside the parish hall proclaims.

These young adults will make some attempt to establish themselves in the main stream of parish life, especially if there is a sympathetic young assistant to the pastor who recognizes and shares their problems. But, ordinarily, the attempt is doomed to failure under the weight of firmly established pastoral practices. Except in isolated instances (and these seem to be in the large cities, or close to a college or university complex), the resistance to leadership by the educated laity is stronger now than it has ever been.

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Led by beleaguered pastors, parish organizations have dug in their heels and held firm against the "new" laity who want to "change everything" and "wreck the whole Church." I have seen two things happen then to these persons. Anxious to provide their children with a calm and relatively untroubled religious life (without the burden of "scandalous" parents) or conquered by eventual, middle-aged cooling of their ardor, they have surrendered to what was and is, or, more likely and in greater number, they have simply stopped "going."

Two years ago, in this journal, I joined a vocal group of Catholics who viewed with a jaundiced eye the entity: parish. I hoped for change, as did all of them, and I indicated areas in which change might take place, directions in which it might advance. Now I am less hopeful. Having watched parishes in my native city receive the good news of Vatican II, having heard the bishop of my diocese return to his pastors with the word that nothing had occurred at Vatican II that he had not learned about years ago in the seminary, I am now persuaded that there is no hope, that the ordinary parish is the last bastion of reaction, resisting with all its faculties (school, convent, parish organizations, pastor) the advances of its small, educated minority and hoping that, if only it holds out against it long enough and hard enough, all adverse comment, all criticism, will go away. I suspect I have come to the point of believing that only the abolition of the parish as it is now constituted will allow any change to be effected in the lives of ordinary Catholics, and especially in the lives of educated Catholics bound into the existent parish by chains of geography, family allegiances, or inherited sense of fidelity.

A second, less conspicuous group are the young, or youngish, nuns, those with excellent minds which have been well trained, and who have been encouraged by recent events and, what is more dangerous, whose thoughts have been opened by the documents of Vatican II to the possibilities of the freedom of personal conscience, the availability to question of the old ideas of absolute obedience and the absolute virtue of humility and chastity. I have watched these Sisters in a number of college communities, alert, intelligent, deeply dedicated to God, determined to effect some resolution between the intellectual integrity of their academic disciplines and the arbitrarily imposed dictates of a superior, a provincial, a bishop of the diocese, and finding such a determination impossible. Caught in an age of change, they are, ordinarily, not *permitted* to change.

Eric Hoffer in *The Ordeal of Change,* points out that "drastic change is one of the agencies which release man's energies, but certain conditions have to be present if the shock of change is to turn people into effective men of action: There must be an abundance of opportunities, and there must be a tradition of self-reliance." Both of these are conspicuously absent in the case of the young nun. The absence of opportunity is perhaps responsible for lack of the second requirement for drastic change, self-reliance. In her case, the profound pessimism of her prospect is increased by her having been permitted the vision at all. She, like the rest of us, has been allowed the exhilarating outlook on change and, at the same moment, denied any hope of realization to any visible extent.

The situation of the modern nun dramatizes a general condition of many in the Church, upon which psychology, perhaps, throws some light. The human being is far more able to adjust to and live with patently immutable states than he is to bear the continuation of his own unvarying condition in the light of *the possibility* of change. Another way of looking at this is to place the same observation into a more limited sphere. I remember that my own entry into the Church 20 years ago was accompanied by a conscious decision about my way of thinking in the future, an acceptance of the fact that there were to be areas of thought that were not amenable to the same laws of logic, evidence and demonstration as others. This realization I was taught to call faith. And because whole

areas of dogma and moral thought were so characterized and I accepted the characterization with my baptism, this did not, as I recall, disturb me at all. I would henceforth think in this divided way, and accept the dichotomy as absolute, eternal and unchangeable.

But, emotionally comfortable as this condition must have been (or I would not have accepted it at a time in my life when I was most disturbed and restless), it is no longer tenable. We have been given the *prospect* of change. We have been invited to consider the possibility of bringing the mind, its reasonableness, its logical faculties, to bear on every area of human thought, ethical acceptances and rejections, yes, and even the very no-man's-land of dogma, as if there were no difference in kind between these old untouchables and mathematics, history or philosophy. And with this prospect and, as Hoffer points out, no opportunities for action, for the release of intellectual energies, for participation in the vision, the inevitable result is restlessness, confusion, discontent and deep uneasiness.

The modern young nun is frozen, in most cases, into the posture of Moses, in sight of the promised land but denied personal entrance, and this makes holding still and keeping silent almost unbearable. The heavy black hand

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of tradition, the Rules, the unquestioned value of all the old virtues, are still officially defended by those who govern her life absolutely. She has been given a token of change but refused the full payment; this is, in essence, what the change in habit has meant. Like the grudging, half-hearted concessions to the reformed liturgy made by many pastors, this change has often been offered as a substitute for more profound change, in the firm belief that it will quell all further moves toward revolution such as a meaningful reexamination of the role of the nun in the modern world, a reconsideration of the very foundation and structure of conventual life, the pertinence of its educational process. And again, it is the prospect unrealized and denied, the canceled probability of realization that disturbs these most silent of singers. Without an open window, the absence of fresh air would never have been noticed; with it even ajar, the stuffiness inside makes it hard to breathe.

Finally, but most disturbing to balance in the Church and to the picture that the Church as a whole presents to the world, is the muffled if not entirely gagged young clergy. The young priest is confronted with two untenable views of himself: his inability to effect change in the place he is assigned, and the even more unpleasant prospect of *himself* changing before anything can be done to remedy the situation around him. Father Henri J. M. Nouwen has described this second picture in a psychological study of the young priest's identity: "The so-popular, inspiring, creative priest has become, in a few years, an irritated, empty, routine, tired man, who keeps repeating to himself, if not in the pulpit, that since Jesus Christ nothing really has changed, and that there is really nothing new under the sun. And many priests who were the hope of the diocese or the star of the order become bitter and disappointed men; some clinging to the priesthood to keep some sort of a home, others leaving it in the hope of starting a new life somewhere else."

The young priest sees this happening everywhere around him. He feels himself enclosed and what is worse, silenced, by his clear realization of the consequences of free speech rather than his own lack of a good voice. His frustration is far greater than that of the young adults he serves; he might be saved for his vocation if he could speak freely, or even if he had a channel in which his voice might sound, be amplified and heard, but he is too educated in the consequences of such speech, too well tutored in self-preservative caution and survival diplomacy. He has no safety valve for honest thought; he too, often, will take the only way out, the whole way out.

"Things are different when people subjected to drastic change find only meager opportunities for action or when they cannot, or are not allowed to, attain self-confidence and self-esteem by individual pursuits." Hoffer's observation, although he is talking about political change, is disturbingly pertinent to those in the Church denied the basic need for utterance and the saving relief of free expression.

RAPPING REPERTORY

THE STAGE

Next to taking candy from a baby and not helping a blind old lady across the street, knocking a repertory company in America may well be the most heinous crime. Thus I have always noted with pleasure the alacrity with which our halt reviewers lead on the blind efforts of the APA Repertory Company with the most candied superlatives. It made me, in my dissent, feel less of a curmudgeon —only a critic.

The current APA season has begun with *Pantagleize* and *The Show-Off*, and, at first glance, this seems both judicious and ecumenical. Michel de Ghelderode, the great Flemish playwright, was something like a merger of the paintings of James Ensor with a Gothic cathedral. Or, more simply, gargoyles taught to speak with the tongues of fallen angels and revealing themselves hideously, heartrendingly human. It is, therefore, unfortunate that APA picked one of the few plays in which Ghelderode forsook his wonderfully unnatural habitat, the medieval but timeless carnival, to write about a contemporary carnage: an abortive revolution in which an innocent is caught up, briefly carried aloft, and then ruthlessly discarded.

Pantagleize is half exalted poet, half paltry buffoon, the whole somehow adding up to a wistful, winsome nonentity. By one vast, resounding mistake, fate—of which it is impossible to tell whether it never makes mistakes, or never anything but mistakes—has Pantagleize pronounce accidentally a harmless phrase that proves the password and call-to-arms of the brewing insurrection. Chaplinesque, he stumbles through a series of highly successful misunderstandings and missteps, which, for a moment, set the state rocking. But most of the revolutionaries are as corrupt as the rulers, and, after some grotesque bloodletting, things revert to the shabby and cynical norm. Pantagleize is executed; but for a day—poet, puppet, or mankind's conscience—he lived and uttered his shining impossibilities.

The text has been drastically cut by the APA, but it has been buoyantly and sweepingly staged by John Houseman and Ellis Rabb. On a well-nigh bare stage, movement, both balletic and burlesque, is allowed to zigzag all over like the encephalogram of a world gone mad—or, rather, refusing to go sane. But the acting lets down the staging. Ellis Rabb is a clever, mannered miniaturist, good at portraying cameo parts; in a lead, he is at best finical, at worst cute. His Pantagleize is not so much an inspired innocent as an impish invert brimming with curdled coyness. The rest of the cast is almost uniformly undistinguished (including the usually redeeming Sidney Walker, here miscast), with several performances worse than that —notably Nicholas Martin's poet, loathsome rather than

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ludicrous. A special demerit goes to Jack O'Brien's inept lyrics, including couplets like "She's got a blue tattoo/ Right on her you know who," which degrade not only wit but even grammar. Still, for the chance of seeing Ghelderode on an American stage, I would recommend reading the play and then going to see the APA production out of the corner of your eye.

Less can be said for *The Show-Off*. When casting about for a comic playwright in the American 20's, the mind affectionately recalls George Kelly. And, I dare say, in a suffocating desert one cannot look a gift oasis in the palm. But from the vantage point of the present, or merely from that of any serious artistic standard, *The Show-Off* simply won't do. It concerns a swaggering social climber and small-time charlatan who captures the heart of a nice middle-class Philadelphia girl, infiltrates her family by marrying her over her mother's living and her father's dead body, and, after wreaking every kind of havoc, proving, first, pathetic deep down, and, second, shrewdly practical deeper down yet. Thus he ends up instrumental in making the family's fortune.

The aim of the play, to demonstrate that there is a sense profounder than common sense, is all to the good, but the first two acts of the demonstration are, alas, all to the bad. Here are the perennial jokes of domestic comedy, and nothing, in the long run, proves as deciduous as these hardy perennials. In the third act, which probes deeper, and in which character unveils surprises beyond the permutations of the predictable, our interest is engaged. But we are given too little too late. There is a born dramatist in George Kelly, but he is almost all born and not nearly enough made.

Under Stephen Porter's direction, things move on with efficiency but without effervescence, let alone imagination. The acting, once again, is consistently unnoteworthy, with two, rather unfortunate, exceptions. As the crusty, sensible mother, Helen Hayes does everything under the sun—or, more precisely, under the spotlight—to make an audience drool, shriek with helpless and headless laughter, and eat her up alive. She's as American as cutie-pie, as adorable as a big fat baby that has just peed in your lap, and if canny, senescent whimsy could be bottled, there is enough here to make an entire convention of geriatricians pie-eyed drunk. As the protagonist, Clayton Corzatte gives another one of his shrill, charmless performances, like an emery board to the nerve edges. His Aubrey Piper emerges so repulsive that little mounds of dead plausibility pile up around him into mountainous barrows. His guffaw is the death rattle of a laughing hyena, his walk that of a Saint Bernard sashaying in on little cat's feet, and his entire personality flaps about in a just barely invisible pair of baggy pants.

But, then again, the American theater has a crying need for repertory groups. Between crying over the need and crying over the APA, the latter may be preferable. But only just. *(At the Lyceum)* JOHN SIMON

ELECTRONIC NOEL

MEDIA

The first "Electric Christmas," put on by "The Electric Circus, Inc.," was also Viet Christmas, like the Dog Days of Viet Summer last. War is on the audience's mind, like one of those collective New York depressions. This fact, the war and the audience's mind set (wanting to put a spark back into Xmas), is noted in the opening with a menacing covey of white silhouette doves projected in mad flight on the ceiling and walls of Carnegie Hall, Hitchcock's "Birds" transmogrified shades paler, come home to roost in the rafters of Carnegie. A squadron drone of airplanes also makes one aware of the rafters, of the point, and of all the points to come during the evening.

The Man from Zig-Zag 20 feet high on the stage screen can only be Joseph, that joint he's puffing signifies a proud father, contented, cool-cat Joseph. Has to be seen to be believed. A 2,000-year-old joke, changeless, still weird. Shiva appears briefly, a token to 4,000 years (more or less), still dancing, stamping and crushing. Also a very cool cat even though he ain't ours, relaxing just to watch. No belief necessary. On stage the New York Pro Musica ensemble, specialists in the Medieval sound, in formal attire stitched together in rose-window lattice (a token to belief) projected by a beaded chevalier lampman stationed near the dimmed footlights, squatting over his utensils like a figure out of Hieronymus Bosch. Two technicians in tweed keep an eye on the winking lights of the master console, when they might be helping to send a rocket to the moon. Probably needed the money.

Now the audience gazes up at a section of the ceiling where the heavens appear to be opening, blue and gold (hooray for the Irish!), a watery microscope slide with air bubbles playing celestial spirits. Is there a fight between the blue and gold, or has the lampman lost control? We'll never know. John Lennon puts in an appearance on one wall wearing his "How I Won the War" helmet. Love flashes on the big screen, it flashes again, and then again, coy, like a teenybopper from the suburbs batting her lashes to no avail. A SANE peace symbol comes on like Constantine's "By this sign you shall conquer," I mean overcome! Neither St. Michael nor the heavenly chorus is heard from, and Pro Musica is still entangled in the web of the rose window. A rock group on stage sing instead a rock version of the Musica version of a Medieval French Romance (I think). The rock group was the favorite of the audience, as indicated by one man's whacked-out roar for an encore. Was he being supercilious?

The main event is still to come, lest we forget. The battle of the blue and gold rages on in the watery heaven and some say it's going to rain; love continues to bat its antiquated alphabet at us in case the medium turns out

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not to be the message after all; no word from Pro Musica which by now has crystallized into a lovely stained glass. But the technicians may launch a rocket yet, there is activity at the console, the lampmen dart from lamp to lamp doing their thing, and out of nowhere a portly businessman type appears on stage pushing a small white screen to front center, where all eyes now turn.

On this screen, which serves as both an x-ray screen and a curtained window, we see respectively the fetus and the mother in the same silhouette image undulate through the stretching and pulling of labor, accompanied by a tortuous electronic music. Somebody remarked that the image also resembled one of the newsreels of Vietnamese monks immolating themselves, and one realized with some shock that it did indeed. Now the electronic music changes to a kissing, smacking sound alternating with a sensuous squeaking noise, like a thumb rubbing on the inflated surface of a balloon. With this the large screen at the rear of the stage lights up and we see a black blot figure, plastic mobile but with the general outlines of a man. The figure, like an ink blot, is pulled at from either side, squashed, and at various times obliterated as the violence of the tempo quickens and it ricochets down what seems to be a tunnel, a very painful birth also conceived of as a passage through life. A climax occurs, somewhere in all this but the next thing I recall seeing are attic silhouettes, an acrobat with a ball, a steer, the statue of a matron, and so forth, turning cartwheels across the screen, bringing the Electric Christmas in for a safe landing. And there you have it for 1967. PAUL VELDE

COP OUT

THE SCREEN

Since 1967 ended with a rush of comedies to our screens, most of them are still very much around to brighten the new year. One man's brightener, however, may be another fellow's pain in the neck. So here are a few notes that may help you choose your source of laughter.

"The Graduate" is a bittersweet comedy that has many hilarious scenes, some of which you realize are rather sad when you stop laughing long enough to think about what they're saying. Its plot is mainly about Ben, an amazingly naive young man considering he just graduated with all kinds of honors and is so upset about the mores and morals of today's affluent society who are carrying on in and around his parents' California home. But more important than this plot (which follows Ben's dismay and further education when he is seduced by the wife of his father's partner and then finds himself falling in love with this woman's innocent and lovely daughter) are the lively cinematic fireworks director Mike Nichols displays in portraying la dolce vita. The screenplay, in which Nichols had a hand with Calder Willingham and Buck Henry, stems from Charles Webb's novel and is very amusing indeed, and so is the musical score. And the acting throughout is just fine, but as one continues to watch Ben fighting his way through his problems and rebelling as best he can against his elders, one begins to become aware that "The Graduate" is more like a comic-strip caricature than a convincing portrait of youth-versus-elders. Even the first-rate performances of newcomer Dustin Hoffman as Ben, Anne Bancroft as the seductress (a sort of 1967 Theda Bara), and pretty Katharine Ross as her sweet daughter, are overdone and carried to extreme; and the good actors in the supporting roles are playing types more than real people. Director Mike Nichols uses so many clever tricks in photographing all this and the pace is so rapid that the viewer hardly notices that this theme has been covered before by Harold Lloyd and other comedians. In "The Graduate," however, the temper and tone are today; and I'm sure young people will flock to this timely movie and cheer Ben on. Maybe their elders will too, because in spite of the film's excesses, it is very funny.

"Doctor Dolittle," which stems from the popular Hugh Lofting stories, should win still younger folk—and maybe some of their elders too, especially those who have a yen for animals and also like a bit of fantasy now and then. Although the picture's 152 minutes (plus intermission) is much too long for all this charm and animal stuff, I was surprised at how much I enjoyed its light-hearted gaiety —since animals leave me cold and animals-cum-people leave me colder. But Rex Harrison is excellent in the title role as the doctor who gets so disgusted with people that he devotes all his time to animals and even learns to talk to them; at the beginning of the picture he's taking on fish in preparation for his hunt for the Great Pink Sea Snail. Although the music by Leslie Bricusse is not particularly distinguished in this musical comedy, Bricusse's lyrics are quite amusing; and Harrison, repeating the kind of singing-talking he did so well in "My Fair Lady," handles his songs nicely. Anthony Newley does his even better and is in fact one of the bright assets of "Doctor Dolittle." The role of Emma Fairfax (walked through by pretty Samantha Eggar) is not to be found in the Lofting tales and is really quite unnecessary here; but outstanding in the supporting cast are Richard Attenborough, Peter Bull, little William Dix, and Geoffrey Holder as Willie Shakespeare. The color photography, particularly that around Puddleby-on-the-Marsh which shows off the English countryside, is a thing of beauty. On the whole "Doctor Dolittle" is fun, and adults who take their kids to it may even stay to the bitter end.

"The Happiest Millionaire," evidently designed for still younger kids, has very little to recommend it as it goes on

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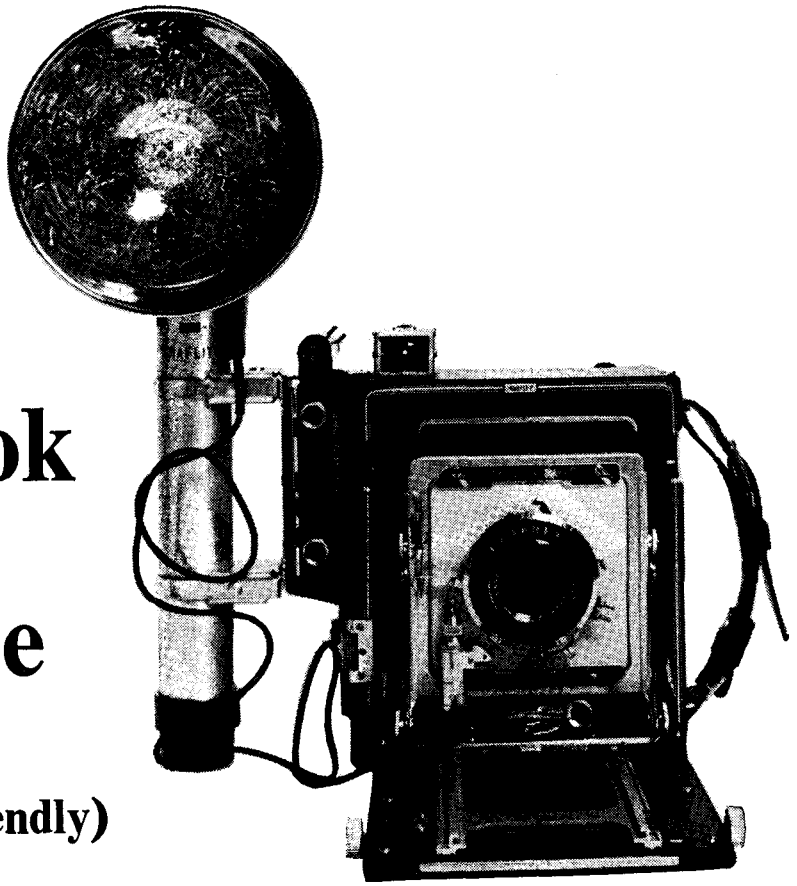

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endlessly displaying the childish pranks of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, the eccentric moneybags, who is played rather dully by Fred MacMurray. He is surrounded by a good cast (including Greer Garson and Tommy Steele) but the whole thing is like a plodding "Life With Father" —and father's not much fun. Leslie Ann Warren as Cordelia Biddle and John Davidson as Angie Duke make a handsome romantic couple and indirectly lead to the picture's brightest scene: at the announcement of their forthcoming wedding, the girl's aunt (Gladys Cooper) and the boy's mother (Geraldine Page) sing a marvelous duet duel, "There Are Those." If the whole film had had more of that spirit, it would have been a gem instead of paste.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

The Southern-lady-invitation school of criticism

New Trends in 20th Century Drama

FREDERICK LUMLEY

Oxford, $8.50

GERALD WEALES

Frederick Lumley's *Trends in 20th Century Drama* went through two editions (1956, 1960) before it acquired the adjective *New* and a jacket claim to be "completely revised." It is no such thing.

The new edition retains the basic chapters from the earlier ones, although the author has shuffled the material around a little; for instance, Eliot has lost the eminence ("The Muse who is Grace") he shared with Claudel and has been pushed into a lesser section ("In Search of Expression") with Lorca, Cocteau and O'Neill. Lumley has added material on playwrights who have become prominent in the last few years (Frisch, Dürrenmatt, Weiss, Albee) and has dumped a few dramatists who no longer seem important to him (MacLeish, Felicien Marceau, Emlyn Williams). He has added a sentence or a paragraph to cover the most recent plays of the authors already treated, often without paying sufficient attention to what he had written before; thus, he adds a few words on Christopher Fry's *Curtmantle* without bothering to change an earlier reference to the number of plays Fry has written.

Not that another error makes much difference in Lumley's book. Notoriously sloppy from its inception, *New Trends* might have used the opportunity afforded by revision to correct some of the obvious errors that have hung on from edition to edition; Wedekind might finally have been allowed to die in 1918 instead of 1945, Edwin Honig's name in the bibliography might finally have been spelled correctly, and *The Iceman Cometh* might have ceased to be identified as O'Neill's "last-produced" play. Lumley's apparent indifference to dates, chronology, the names of characters and such other minor factual matters may suggest that he never even looked at the earlier editions when he worked on the new one. Such a suggestion would be extremely unfair, because there were occasional revisions in phraseology, as this sentence on Tennessee Williams indicates. 1st edition: "The world of Williams is a hysterical melodrama of sensations where tenderness, warmth, mutual understanding are hurled out of a mid-century skyscraper in a frenzied hara-kiri." 2nd edition: "This makes one wonder whether Williams is not deliberately cultivating sensationalism, with the applause of the critics, finding that the hysterical frenzied hara-kiri of his own heroes is more rewarding than tenderness, warmth and understanding." *New Trends*: "The characters move in a world where symbolic identification lets loose his hysterical frenzied hara-kiri which seems to cultivate sensationalism easier than the warmth of understanding . . ." If the book goes through a few more editions, he may finally find the sentence he thinks is hidden in there.

In all its forms, *Trends* is the kind of book that is a crutch for bad teachers, a cross for good ones. It is a place to go for generalizations. A teacher who has not read Pirandello or Claudel may find a phrase or two that he can drop into the unsuspecting ears of students, the kind of phrase that a teacher who has read Pirandello or Claudel blanches at when he finds it new-minted in a student paper. Lumley organizes his main chapters—those that deal with only one or two authors—in a way that is particularly useful for phrase-hunters. He opens with a lyric invocation, a bubbling attempt to get the feel of a playwright's work. "The whole environment of Sicily, an island which had scarcely emerged from the Middle Ages, the contrasts between rich and poor, the chiaroscuro of the landscape, the balance between life and death—whether by starvation, disease, childbirth, or the Mafia —must have permanently moulded the outlook of the young Pirandello."

After so much art, a little matter—a few pages of sometimes accurate but seldom useful biography. Then, analysis in depth—that is, examinations of a few of the playwright's chief works (largely plot summaries) in which plays of the greatest complexity are discussed or dismissed in a few sentences. This three-pronged approach breaks down where Lumley has less space, in the patternless compendium at the end of the book where playwrights are treated in brief, in no particular sequence (Albee next to Wilder as though they were contemporaries or at least shared the same

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end of the alphabet); most of this section is totally pointless since no one is likely to learn anything from, say, an 11-line summary of Philip Barry's career.

There are difficulties in *New Trends* other than those mentioned above and most of them have to do with Lumley as a critic. He has a strong distaste for naturalism which makes it impossible for him to recognize the quality of a play like *Long Day's Journey into Night*, and a contradictory tendency to attack characterization in plays he does not care for. His opposition to the current fashion in pessimism makes it difficult for him to deal with most of the leading playwrights of the last 50 years. This limitation can best be seen in his gratuitous comparison of Chaplin's *Limelight* with Osborne's *The Entertainer*, in which the Chaplin characters "are pure" and "transcend their environment and become universal," which means that Chaplin's positive *schmaltz* is presumably truer than Osborne's negative sentimentality.

At various points in the book, Lumley talks in grandiose terms about the playwright's need for "a philosophy of life," and his duty to the audience: "We want to know about this place man occupies in the universe." Yet, he is continually saying, *no not that place in the universe*, insisting that the playwright must have, for art's sake, a particular point of view. Although the anguish boys tend to give me a pain in the *angst*, too, I found myself wanting to go out on the picket lines in defense of what Lumley calls the "life-diminishers." I felt this most strongly when he fumbled so badly in the face of Samuel Beckett, when he quoted from *Waiting for Godot* and then said, "What more is required in the way of comment?" for all the world as though something had been proved.

All this philosophic chatter is misleading, however, for Lumley is really working at a different level of response, in what—since Elizabeth Hardwick's review of *A Delicate Balance*—I like to think of as the Southern-lady-invitation school of criticism. Thus Lumley "would hardly wish to have Jimmy Porter as a friend or an acquaintance" and most of the Terence Rattigan characters, "creatures with neither nobility in their thoughts nor individuality in their actions, . . . are not people we would want as our friends." If he had to share an office with Achilles or Lear, he might cut out that kind of critical silliness.

Lumley's philosophical and personal bent so distort him that his interpretations are as suspect as his judgments. Both in his general remarks on playwrights and his comments on individual plays, he seems completely unaware of what is going on. He never recognizes that the horse in *Orphée* is spelling out *merde*. He imagines that More in *A Man for All Seasons* is trying to hide from God in the "thickets of the law." He apparently thinks that Graham Greene, in *The Potting Shed*, is offering his priest's bargain with God as a dramatic fact. These are only three of a great many examples of Lumley's power of inattention.

Of course, a man with his sense of

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language might not be expected to hear very well. His worst fault as a writer is not his clichés (Sartre's throwing out "the baby with the bathwater") nor his daintiness (Blanche as a "fallen woman"), not his pretentiousness (see Pirandello quote above) nor his repetitiveness (*Camino Real* is in "harsh and strident paints" and two pages later *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* has "harsh, strident colors"), but his simple incoherence. Consider these words on *Winterset*: "There are passages where the verse rises to deep imaginative insight, and the atmosphere of squalor and frustration is enlarged through the emptiness of Maxwell Anderson's own spiritual power."

It is difficult to imagine how a man can have seen and read as many plays as Frederick Lumley has and still have written a book as inaccurate, misleading and dull as his *New Trends.*

Infidel in the Temple

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Knopf, $8.95

WILSON C. MC WILLIAMS

Matthew Josephson is a superb historian, but his *Infidel* is not a history of the 1930's: it is a chronicle, a tale of *nemesis*. He has, in fact, set out to *unwrite* the revisionist history which sees the intellectuals of the thirties as "dupes" of a super-cunning "communist conspiracy." He delights a bit too much in reminding us of the follies of Hook or Burnham: this is not history, but a comment on the recent past. Nor would a history of the times "as they were" justify an entire chapter devoted to a single evening spent with Whittaker Chambers: without the sequel that night would have passed (and better so) into oblivion.

Josephson makes his point against the revisionists, but the verdict falls short of acquittal. Surely there was some dark regret to move the men of the thirties to accuse themselves, to betray friends, to yearn for absolution: the intellectuals of the thirties duped themselves and the self-betrayal of the fifties re-enacted an earlier drama.

Before 1929, American intellectuals were enough appalled at the moral and aesthetic poverty of industrial America to suspect that the cause lay with technology and industrial society itself. Josephson wrote then of the need to slow the pace of change and to reevaluate it; if people could no longer "live without assembly lines" it was to be regretted. (Josephson never forgot: even when most sympathetic to the Soviet Union, he noted that industrial technology, regardless of system, entails a "loss of freedom.")

Yet at the same time, intellectuals (especially those who had "arrived") were tied to American society. They might fly to rural retreats: they remained economic subjects of the publishing houses, the art dealers, the markets and the system. Worse, they made the rural areas they loved fashionable real estate: the intellectual was the pathfinder of suburbia. The tension between rejection and dependence, alienation and success, was severe, even intolerable: those who did not devote themselves to utopias often opted for an amused resignation or an affluent mysticism.

The Depression provided a way out of the intellectual's ambiguity. "Breaking in" on him, it was welcomed in mind if not in word. "The Great Depression was not depressing," Josephson writes; it seemed "more real than prosperity." It did more than destroy his enemies; it roused the moral passions of compassion and indignation. More dangerous than baser feelings, these allowed —even commanded—the intellectual to forget his dilemmas and ultimate concerns in favor of the immediate demands of humanity. The cadence of moral examination faltered and disappeared. Soon many saw the Soviet Union as a model because of its efficiency, planning, and government by experts: technological bureaucracy on a grand scale was admirable if it could "deliver."

Edmund Wilson urged then, following Marx, the need to "change" rather than "interpret" America's "meaningless society." Yet between change and interpretation, Marx and Mencken, lies the task of discovering what sort of society *might have* meaning: to reject "spurious values" does not create a knowledge of genuine ones. That task has priority: goal must come before plan, and direction before progress. Intellectuals were willing to forget that priority because, surrendering to change, they were allowed the comfort of feeling "with" and not "against" history. Josephson, too wise for enthusiasms, concedes that he believed history to be an ally "almost as fondly" as his contemporaries.

It was illusion, and the results worse because the intellectuals accepted it. Concern to "get things done" might lead some into activistic radicalism; it led more to enlist with the New Deal, for F.D.R. "got results" which no sect could hope for. Immersion in "pragmatic" endeavor left too much space in the moral confusion of the New Deal for the "new men" of business who *did* have a goal: the Joe Kennedys, prototypes of the "statesmen" of "welfare capitalism" who were willing to ally with the state to enlist it in their own causes. Josephson, looking backward, finds as much to regret as to excuse.

The intellectuals had always had a wistful admiration for the uncomplicated men of action: they had a half-hidden admiration for the men of power which accompanied their belief in the moral grandeur of the poor, both rooted in distaste for their own uncertainty and hesitancy. They shared, too fully, the philosophy of liberal, industrial America: even Josephson drew his heroes and doctrines from the liberal tradition, his creed being the "long historical view" of faith in "man's will to liberate himself" from a "hostile nature." The task of the twenties was left unfinished: intellectuals were never fully alienated from the values of liberal industrialism, had constructed no alternative, and in action could do no better than to reform and restore.

Yet at their best they were revolutionaries of good will, plagued by the realization that without good will revolution serves no good end and that with it, revolution may be impossible. They were kin in many ways to the New Left: students organized workers in the South, miners in Kentucky and "lived

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dangerously and loved it." The similarity suggests only how much was left unresolved and undone. There are bridges of illusion that cannot be crossed: even Josephson "saw the future" in T.V.A., which now seems only part of the octopus. The illusions will not be missed. Yet if the men of the thirties were led astray, it was by their own gentleness and humanity, and if these are lost with the illusions, there will be more to regret than in the follies of the past.

The Church Unbound

NORMAN K. GOTTWALD

Lippincott, $4.95

Work and the Human Spirit

DENNIS CLARK

Sheed & Ward, $3.95

SAMUEL HAZO

I must confess that I approached Norman K. Gottwald's *The Church Unbound* with the usual trepidations of someone who has largely lost interest in the argot of the new theology or the new socio-theology. Even as I was reading the book and discovered catchwords like "demarcation," "incorporation," "Danielic," "encounter," etc., I felt confirmed in my hesitancy. Nevertheless, after some silting and sieving on my part, I was intrigued by Gottwald's carefully and convincingly elaborated thesis. This thesis is best summarized in one of the book's concluding sentences: "The central discovery of this study has been that the biblical understanding of the church in tension and communication with culture is a necessary paradigm for the church today in its relation with culture."

To substantiate this position Gottwald begins by defining what he means by the church, tracing its prototype in ancient Israel through the testament of Moses (". . . . Israel's favored position is not asserted to the exclusion of other peoples . . ."), Jeremiah's repudiation of synonymity between the city (Jerusalem) and its inhabitants with the resultant implication that "national independence (does) not take precedence over the religious obligation of God's people," and finally to the basic insistence of Old and New Testament writers that the true Israel or church is ultimately the "consummation of God's will among men." And "men" in this context, as a result of Christ's action of showing love toward "outsiders and evil ones," includes *all* men, not merely a chosen few.

The difficulty of understanding, let alone realizing this concept, are obvious, and Gottwald sees the perversions clearly. To those who would champion the solution of a holy nation, he says: "The holy nation is . . . not the perfect nation conceived as a total keeping of a set of rules. . . . In the name of God godless things may be believed and done, and Jews and Christians have believed and done them." To those who give blanket-approbation to God's people in the Old or New Testament sense, he warns: "To be God's people is to be split, split between all the easy identities of the world and the one identity of a called people." Concerning the difficult position of determining the true role of the church in national, and particularly military, affairs, he notes: "The people of God has never been able to decide its position among the nations with respect to war. . . . often the church or the synagogue has blessed the nations in their wars, not directly bearing arms but releasing its members to bear arms."

The survival of the church, according to Gottwald, is important only to the degree that the church is actually God's people and is able to resist the tendency to emulate "national self-interest and fear." To be present *in* culture as well as *in* the church, to be the citizen of the Augustinian cities, is the lot of the true witness to God's will, and the tension created is ineluctable. But rather than be at odds, culture and the church should be in communication to prevent "ecclesiastical imperialism in the one and self-glorification" in the other.

The most provocative and necessary sections in the book deal with the relation between church and nation; it is here that the aforementioned tension is most desirable and most frequently

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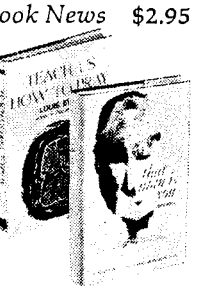

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lacking. While nations pursue their interests, the church should pursue justice and remind men that national interest without justice is not a law unto itself: "In foreign affairs, church and synagogue must stand sufficiently apart from the nation that they can bring constructive criticism to bear upon the inevitable egocentricity of the state's foreign policies."

Many of the positions advanced by Gottwald have been said before, but this is no matter. They need to be said repeatedly, particularly to the American hierarchy and laity of all confessions. The "one-shepherd, one-flock" zealots need to be reminded that being the people of God is not synonymous with club membership. The Zionists need to be reminded that Judaism and national sovereignty are not mutually interchangeable unless Judaism is to be regarded as little more than another geo-theological "ism."

I like the spirit of Gottwald's book; it asks the right questions. It claims that the church has never denoted nor does it now denote a "morally superior people," nor an "only people," nor even a "professedly or intrinsically religious people," and this in itself makes the questions possible.

Dennis Clark's *Work and the Human Spirit* also raises the right questions, but I've heard these questions from so many other sources that this book is rife with echoes. All of the apostles of a true philosophy of work are ticked off: Socrates, Max Weber, Tawney, Dorothy Sayers, Gill, Leo XIII etc. Clark knows his sources, and he knows the sore spots of American economic life, i.e., greed, ambition, lack of leisure. I especially like his theory of do-it-yourself-jobs as an attempt by modern technological man to personalize his work again. And I like too his warnings that explain what C. Wright Mills meant when he said that "Christianity is part of the moral defeat of man today."

To Clark the reasons are: "All too often (Christian reformers) have posited a static psychology and a rigid nature to man, and a view of society that was almost uncomprehending of the capacity for change latent in society. Thus, their efforts frequently became the crusades of individuals, the peculiar preoccupations of men unable to mount ideas in a broad context. . . . The identification of churches with privileges, prestige, historical and social systems of the past and codes of caution has immobilized Christian competence in the face of erosion of human and moral values."

REVIEWERS

GERALD WEALES is the editor of *The Complete Plays of William Wycherley.*

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Strategic Moment

The year of 1967 was a good one for *Commonweal*—so good, in fact, that the magazine begins the new year with the highest circulation in its history. The print order for this January 19 issue, for example, is for 48,500 copies; in coming weeks *Commonweal* should continue to forge farther ahead.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 459)

Palestinians, not Egyptians, and accordingly has consistently governed the strip under the laws of Palestine rather

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than those of Egypt. . . Significantly the refugees, who have never ceased to demand the right to return to their former homes have never once petitioned Egypt to make them citizens of the U.A.R. . . .

Israel is encouraging the refugees of Gaza to visit West Jordan, but on a one-way basis—not returning to Gaza. Last August I personally saw several score of despondent Gaza refugees make the forlorn trip from the West Bank over the Allenby Bridge, during a period of about three hours—a journey that to date can be made only in one direction.

Nor should there be any mystery as to why the Gaza refugees look to Nasser as "*their savior*"; the point being that he has been the strongest and most outspoken defender of the right of refugees to repatriation and compensation —even going so far as to promise the implementation of this right through force if necessary. For a refugee in Gaza this doubtless has sounded more promising than anything else he has heard.

Contrary to the picture presented by Miss Gellhorn, the U.A.R. has spent more than $30 million of its own resources helping the refugees in Gaza—mostly for education and health services. Considering the pressing needs of the people of Egypt, this expenditure on the refugees of Gaza represents no small sacrifice. JOHN H. DAVIS

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Beyond the Sacred

Trappist, Ky.

To the Editors: Terry Eagleton's article "Politics and the Sacred" (Dec. 29) seems to me to be one of the most interesting and important that you have published in a long time. For one thing, Eagleton, Wicker and other English radical theologians are a great deal more sophisticated than ours in their treatment of "the city." They have both raised the question whether a secular city is really possible at all. Eagleton has very good things to say about the institutional margin (things which a monk should take to heart) and his dialectical attempt to reconcile what is against the institution with the institution is on the whole very Catholic in a familiar—even conservative—sort of way. (Isn't it still very much what Christopher Dawson said?) I especially like this, which strikes me as being a perfect description of biblical prophetism: "the activity of the sacred [is] what can be sensed along the fault lines of society [as] the power of God." He is saying of course that this relates Marx to Christianity. All right. But here is where I really question his conclusions. It seems to me that the dialectic of Eagleton ends up by being a potential justification of a new establishment on a Marxist pattern—justified now not as secular but as sacred. In the end, any justification of any establishment as "sacred" is highly suspect. We are still left hanging on a barbed wire fence between a political order that embraces even the "revolutionary dirt" at its fringes and is totally sacred, and another political order that is secular and liberal (and utterly confused) and where the sacred must remain hidden in privacy or in catacombs. Either way, of course, one "solves" the dilemma by uniting the sacred and the secular—by saying the city is sacred or by being thoroughly secular oneself as a way of going "beyond the sacred." Where does that leave us? I don't know yet, nor does Eagleton; but his article is a fascinating exploration of possibilities in the light of an archetypal pattern. THOMAS MERTON

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A CALL to CLERGYMEN and LAYMEN

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- 110,960 tons of napalm have been dropped over South Vietnam since the end of 1963.
- 150,000 acres of crop-producing land as well as 500,000 acres of jungle and brush have been defoliated by 5 million gallons of herbicide in 1967 alone.
- None of the 43 provincial hospitals is "considered up to minimum standards for a developing country in Southeast Asia," according to Sen. Edward Kennedy.
- Since 1961 more than 300,000 Vietnamese and American military personnel have been killed while a conservative estimate would place civilian death at approximately four times that figure.

(Above figures are taken from the U.S. Department of Defense and/or Senatorial hearings.)

The blood we shed in Vietnam makes a mockery of all our proclamations, dedications, celebrations. Has our conscience become a fossil? Is all mercy gone?

Join us in Washington, D.C. on February 5 & 6, 1968 to visit with congressmen in this "political" year, to meet by states to talk tactically about increased opposition to the Vietnamese war, and to make clear our concern for young men of draft age who in conscience cannot fight in Vietnam. Remember, the blood of the innocent cries forever. Should that blood stop to cry, humanity will cease to be.

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